



A Brief Condensed History
of
Morley Larsen Black
(1875-1951)

Written by Him and Copied in His Own Words
Approx. 1951

Dedicated
To
LeGrand Black and June Bateman Black

Who Preserved the Memories of

Morley Larsen Black



LYDIA ELLEN PORTER

MORLEY LARSON BLACK

RACHEL LUNT

Children

WILLIAM MORLEY

IVY MARIAH

PERRY WARNER

LEONE

REVA MARY

JOSE

ORIN PORTER

LE GRAND

GUS PORTER

FONDA

DALLMAN LARSON

RALINE

Children

HENRY

RETA

ALBERTO

KIMBALL

GLENDON

WILLIAM LUNT

KLINE

CARMA

KELLY

DARLENE

MYRTLE ANN

RACHEL

REX

A Brief Condensed History of the Life of Morley Larson Black

Written by him and copied in his own words.

Morley as I am called was born October 24, 1875 in Orderville Kane County Utah. My parents were William M. Black and Mariah Hansen. When I was a young baby I took very ill with the scarlet fever, and my father thinking that I was going to leave them laid his hands on my head and prayed and promised the Father in Heaven if he would spare my life he would do all in his power to teach and train me to live the gospel, and I was made well. We lived in Orderville until I was 8 years old. At about this time the Order as it was called broke up and we moved to Hunington, Emery county. We bought a nice field of 40 acres as I remember. I spent most of my summer months herding cows. One of our main sports while herding cows was what we called duck stone. We would place a small flint rock on a larger rock. Then we would get back about 15 feet and pitch at it and so on, very interesting. I remember one 4th of July just as I left the house my mother called me back and said please don't ride any races today. I don't remember making her a promise but when I got to the celebration, I was asked to ride a race. I had become one of the main jockeys of the town and as I loved to ride I couldn't refuse. The horse I was riding proved to be very hard headed, and when about halfway through the race he left the track and ran under a big limb of one of the shade trees, and knocked me off into a ditch of water on my back. They took me home unconscious, I layed that way for about 24 hours. So it doesn't pay to disobey Mothers advice. When I was just a little over 10 years old, my brother Joe took me on a trip to Mancos, Colorado with him hauling 2 wagon loads of lucerne seed. Joe drove one wagon and me the other.

We left Hunington, crossing over Cedar Mt. While going down the east side of the mountain toward Greenriver, my team ran against a hollow cedar tree, and out came the hornets, stinging my horses. Joe being in front, I spread my team of horses around Joes outfit causing them to stop. When we got to Greenriver, we drove our teams and wagons onto a big boat, one outfit at a time, and that was the way we had of crossing the Greenriver in those days. On reaching Moab, we found that the ferry boat had gone down the river, so we took our wagons apart taking us two days to get across on a row boat and putting things together again. While traveling along to Mancos, we camped at the Carlisle Ranch. The men who lived there gave us a nice piece of beef, and a big butcher knife to cut it with. Just a bunch of toughies lived there. Then we were on our way to Delores, Colorado. Going on to Mancos we sold our alfalfa seed to Bower Mercantile that being the only store there. It was made of logs. We stayed there for several days to let our horses rest where there was lots of good feed. Mr. Bower asked my brother who drove the extra team and Joe said that kid brother, as he pointed to me. "Oh, you don't mean to say that little fellow drove a team over those roads." Then we made our return trip to Hunington. I will not say much about that, as it is about the same kind of a trip going as coming. I was really thrilled to get home, it seemed I had been gone several months and since I hadn't had any milk for 2 or 3 weeks I ate too much bread and milk and it made me very sick for several hours. Well, life went on about the same, herding cows in the summer and doing what was on hand to do. Not much school at that time. Father had to be on the watch to keep our of the hands of the U.S. Marshalls, as they were on the lookout for every man that had more than one wife. It

made it so miserable he asked the men of authority what to do. They advised him to move to Old Mexico where lotsof other men had moved to live in peace. We moved ther e in wagons in the year 1890 taking what belongings we could in that way. We lived in several different places, finally settling in Cave Valley. Well, we lived here in Cave Valley for several years in this happy little town of about 150 people in all. Peace and happiness in the top of the mountains. While we were at Cave Valley I married Nellie Porter, daughter of Warner and Mary Porter. From Cave Valley we moved to Colonia Pacreco, making our home there. My work was chiefly working at the sawmill, freight-ing and most anything I could get to do. We lived in 2 or 3 rooms of a large frame house for a while as I was working with Nellies father making shingles. I later found it best to make us a 2 room house by her fathers home and we lived there quite sometime. A while after this my brother and myself moved our families to Cave Valley to a ranch that was owned by Moses Thatcher. We lived here for a few years, raising mostly corn, potatoes and all kinds of garden stui?. I remember one time I left early one morning to hunt a bunch of our horses. I ran onto some wild turkeys, and not having a gun with me I made my horse chase them. They were flying at the time I saw them and they can't fly very far, so I picked out a big gobbler and when they lit I soon chased him down. I cleaned him up and took it home. It weighed 22 pounds. There was lots of turkey. I have seen as many as 60 in one flock. I often think of that country, everywhere grass and flowers up to the horses knees. Flowers of every kind, wild cherries and wild grapes in places hanging down ledges and climb-ing up trees. Just beautiful to see. The towns people along early in the fall would gather together and go in wagons down the river and

stay all day for a good oufing and pick wild grapes to make jelly. People at that time all seemed to work for each others interest and of course their pleasures were most happy and gay. One time when all, or nearly all the towns folk went down the river for one of these pleasure trips, along in the afternoon I saw 2 girls stooping over washing their hands at the rivers edge. At this place the water was quite deep, and it was quite a temptation to me (who I guess was always quite a tease) to throw a limb just in front of the two girls and make a wave of water come splashing over the top. Well down came the limb. As I was making my getaway, Rachel Lunt, who became my wife in later years took up some prickly pears and threw them at me, one catching me right in the middle of the back. I did feel like I got the worse end of the deal that time. Here we will leave Cave Valley and go back to Pacheco where we stayed for several years. Here is where I was called on a mission to Mexico City in 1905 and 1906. Then after this I started working for Booker saw mill hauling logs, for about a year. From there I moved to Pearson the fall of 1910. This was a company that came into Mexico and spent 1 million and a half dollars to build a complete electric sawmill. They had started running one of the mills and were bringing a paper mill in when the Mexican Revolution became so bad that the paper mill was sent back to El Paso Texas. They had put me as a boss of a large bunch of Mexicans as I could understand the Spanish language real well. I worked at this about a year and then I was put as a chief of the night watchmen which job I worked at for 2 years. Things went on fairly smooth for a while until the Revolution got to going pretty fierce. Trouble kept coming first one group would move in then another. First it was the Federals, the Viestes, then Salazar and

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his bunch and then the Red Flaggers. Times kept getting worse till the leaders of the Church thought it best for all Mormons to leave for awhile to go across the line into the U.S., so that is what we all did. We just brought one trunk of cloths and a little bedding, thinking we would soon be back to our homes. Most of the people never did return and lost all they had worked for most of their lives. Some returned and are still there at this time. I and my two wives and children went back for a while. But if we could have looked into the future we would have looked for a home elsewhere as there were many dangers to face. When we got back I can say that it was due to our Heavenly Fathers care that my life was spared several times. That same September after returning, LeGrand was born. When LeGrand was three weeks old, Nellie took her little flock and left for El Paso to join her Father and Mother who were leaving for Blanding, Utah. One morning, June 9, 1913 at 3:30 a.m., some quick steps were heard coming up the 5 steps of the porch. It was Orson Hawkins. He said, all out of breath, "Marl, get up quick and bring your family down to my house as our house as our house was up quit a bit higher and would be in the firing line. He had a few dairy cows the other side of the big mill pond, and sold milk to people and always went to milk at 3:30 in the morning, and at this time as he neared the pond several guns clicked and he was asked "Who are you and where are you going, and you better get back to your home." We are nearly ready to open fire on the Federal Government Soldiers and the Red Flaggers. About 200 of them are all stationed along the bank of this large pond. Burt Wheaton and Dave Brown had just came in from the mountain with some work horses and riding horses, on their way back to Blue Water New Mexico. Burt stayed at our place that night, and as Orsen left I stepped to the middle door saying, "Burt did you

hear that?" He said yes and was putting on his clothes as fast as he could. Rachel was dressed in a minute. She said to me "Oh, hurry, it is getting almost light enough to shoot now. I said, "Now try and hold yourself and don't get to frightened, and just at that very minute the sound of a large gun fired, then another one and then they went just as fast as I ever heard popcorn pop in a pan. Well, we had no time to go down to Orson's place, so the next thing and all we could do was to get in behind the house in the canal that ran from the north to the south. We each took one of the children Reta 8, Kim 4, and Glen 2, out of their beds grabbed a couple of coats that were hanging up put around them and got down in the canal. Just then several shots came and threw the dirt all around us. My night watchman came then, a man we called Bill Blaky. We thought it best to move on down the canal as we were in the firing line so much. But we were still in the firing line so when the shots quit we ventured to move on again. By this time we moved up under a steel bridge that crossed to the hospital. For a while the bullets just made the iron rails ring over our heads. Seemed like they would keep on till they would get some of us. After this time of shooting we moved again going around south of the hospital. Just then the sun came up and a bugle sounded a different tone to what we had been used to hearing. Then we knew that the Red Flaggers had won the fight. I thought it best to ask Burt to stay with Rachel and the children and get back to the house. So I took off my belt of cartridges and my gun and wrapped my red handkerchief around them, moved a rock, put them in the hole put the rock back and kicked the dirt around the edges. I guess they are still there, I never did get to go back and find out. Soon after I had left them up in the wash Burt and Rachel saw more

than 200 horses with a few men driving them come around the little hill. When these men saw the folks two of them took their guns out of their scabbards, worked the leavers and jogged down towards them, when the men reached then the children were crying they were so afraid. They asked about the fight, Burt being able to talk good Spanish told them he didn't know anything only that it was their party that had won, as it was a different bugle that had blown. They asked what was the matter with the children. They said "Poor little things tell them not to cry, we won't hurt them." Then they turned their horses and left, happy to think they had won the battle that time. On the 17 of the same month of June, Rachel gave birth to a baby boy, William was his name. I moved my family to Dublin and Reta attended school that winter. During this time it seemed real good to have our good Mormon friends and a Church to go to. I just couldn't believe things were as bad as they were. We had been used to living in peace and happiness all my life in such beautiful country. One day I had just shocked the lucerne and was eating my dinner, when we saw several Mexicans on horseback come through the front gate, crossing over the flower garden and on to the barn. They took the only team I had and rode away. That left me without a way to put the hay in the stack or barn. While we were eating breakfast one morning after this, we heard a train whistle. This was quite a shock as the bridges had been burned for several months and no trains had been coming to town. The U.S. had sent a crew of men to fix the bridges so the train could come and get what Americans that were there and bring them out to El Paso Texas. I hurried up in town to see what the excitement was and when I returned home I found Rachel getting things ready to leave. We had one trunk of clothes and some bedding for the six of us. We stayed

by Fort Bliss with Aunt Sarah Lunts family for a while then Uncle Sam gave us tickets to go by train to places we wanted to go, so we gathered our belongings again, mounted the train and left for Utah. Rachel stopped off at Lund and her brother Oscar was there to meet her and take them to Cedar City. I went on to Salt Lake then on the next morning to Thompson Springs. I came on to Monticello with Ben Perkins on the mail buggy and then on to Blanding the same way. Here is where my wife Nellie and our children, my father and Mother, brother Dave and sisters Myrtle and Hattie, Nellies parents and some of her brothers and sisters were. This was a happy meeting, for we had been separated for nearly a year. Nellie and her little flock were living in the Hyrum Stevens house at that time. This was in the first part of the summer and I hadn't been here long when I took Perry with me in a one seat buggy and a team of horses and went to El Paso. I heard that things were better now so thought I would get some of our things in Mexico. I left Perry with Aunt Sarah Lunt and got on the train and went into Dublin but when I got there I found things just as bad as ever. So on the train I got and came back to El Paso. How it ever happened I will never know but here I found my good old faithful team of horses, a stallion named Pen and a big mair named Nell in El Paso, so I brought them here to Blanding. I traded some of our Mexico property to Brother Whetton for a bunch of horses and a log wagon they had brought from Mexico. I rejoiced to have my dear old team with me once more. That fall I went to Thompson by team to meet Rachel and her children. We packed all in the wagon and headed for Blanding. We drove to Moab stayed at George McConkie that night. The next morning we started on, there was snow on the ground and the farther we came the deeper the snow was. When we reached Dry Valley, the horses were pushing snow with their breasts, it was hard travel

and the horses could hardly make it. We camped at Hatch wash that night. In the morning it was still snowing, it was very cold and it worried me quite a bit, I would ask the children once in a while if they felt warm. I lit the lantern and kept it burning to help keep the air warm. We stayed in Monticello that night with Ed and Chole Black and left the next morning for Blanding. We reached here okay, that evening the roads were bad but my team was a good strong one. Rachel thought Blanding was quite a city, but when morning came she found it just a small town with narrow trails here and there that the school children had made going back and forth to school. But it was a pretty town. Hay fields everywhere in the summer, gardens beautiful and thrifft everything grew and not bothered with bugs. Deep snow in the winter and plenty of rain in the summer. About a week later, February 8, I moved Rachel and family to the sawmill where Dave and I took a contract hauling logs to the mill. Just as we got to the little lumber house where we were to live it began to snow. Snow did you say, it kept snowing and snowing. Jim Carroll and Dave cut the trees, going up to their waists in snow and would have to clear the snow away before they could cut. Then I would come along with a pair of bob-sleighs and 2 span of horses to take the logs out of such deep snow to the mill. I often think "How in the world, did we ever make it." That was working by the sweat of the brow. On April 6 we loaded up the bob-sleighs and headed for Blanding. In town I got a tent, boarded it up and moved Rachel on the north corner of the same lot as Nellie. The two women raised a good garden that summer on a new lot just plowed that spring. This same summer, June 21, 1915, Father died. This made us all very sad even though he was getting old, he had served a wonderful life and we hated to see him leave us. I remember we fixed the wagon all in white and I had a white span of horses that we used to carry him to the cemetery. Then a few weeks later Tamar

Young my half-sister died. I had taken up a dry land farm out east of Devil Canyon with 2 families, 11 children, we had to start from the bottom leaving all we had back in Mexico. My first wife, Nellie Porter, bore me a lovely family of eight boys and four girls: William Morley, Ivy Mariah, Perry Warner, Leone, Reva, Jose, Orin Porter, LeGrand, Gus Porter, Fonda, Dalmar Larson, and Raline. My second wife Rachel bore me eight boys and five girls: Henry, Reta, Alberto, Kimball, Glendon, William, Kline, Carma, Kelly, Darlene, Myrtle Ann, Rachel, and Rex. We had quite a struggle for a long time, but we were happy. Our best years are when we are working hardest and going right ahead when we can hardly see our way out. Success is never as interesting as struggle, not even to the successful. I cleared several acres, at the farm, which proved to be wonderful land for crops. I raised Sudan grass that grew much taller than myself. Wheat, 40 bushels to an acre, oats, potatoes, everything we planted grew wonderful. I was made to rejoice over such good country. It kept me busy, no time to lose; to keep my families eating but not too well clothed for a few years. It was very hard but the children were small and clothing didn't worry them. I took Nellie one week and Rachel the next in turns to cook for me and my bunch of little boys. They were lots of help to take the horses down in the bottom of Devil Canyon to water, then I was using 3 head of horses. It often think of how it would take 3 little boys to harness a horse. It would really look funny, one boy would be on top of the horses back and would pull the harness up as 2 would lift and push up, then when the collar was fixed on okay, the one on top would crawl back to fix the crupper strap. It made me think of a bunch of little brownies. A time or so some of the little boys were so ragged they just couldn't come into town until their Mother could come in and gather something together and do a bunch of patching and fixing. When harvest time was finished, then

we could buy some clothes. Quite hard times there for a while. But we were happy and all enjoyed good health and that was the most important thing. Our diet was very simple and I can't help thinking that helped to keep us in pretty good health. It kept me digging and planning to keep the wolf from the door, but I made it. I managed to get one cow for each family. I would hire out myself and 2 or 3 teams of horses, and 4 little boys for slip drivers----

We feel we all begin very fine things that we never finish and this is as far as the history was written by Morley Larsen Blak and we hope it will be of interest to his descendants. Many of the older members of the families will recall these and other events to complete this history, to others it will be detail they are not personally acquainted with and it should be of real interest to them. It is our hope that each of you^x will finish the work and preserve it for those who shall follow you.



Lydia Ellen "Nellie" Porter Black
courtesy of
LeGrand and June Black



Rachel Lunt Black
Courtesy of Darlene Black Billings



Portrait of Morley Larsen Black With His Sons.
Left to Right: Bill Black, LeGrand Black, Glenn Black, Morley Larsen Black, Orin Porter Black,
Guss Black, Cline Black



Morley Larsen Black 1875-1951



